

What a man is depends on what he loves

[illegible]

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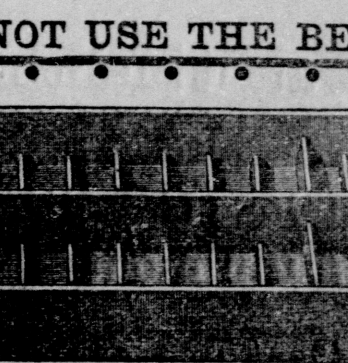
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SPoons and Forks.

Their History from the Time of Primitive Man to the Present Day.

The implements of the table in the current number of the Revue de Famille. Plates, tumblers, knives, spoons, forks, and salt-cellars are called upon to give an account of their creation, or rather of their evolution. The plate comes first, and a curious story is told of the first china plates, which, in the dark middle ages, arrived in Europe from the east. As soon as the dainty ware with its curious hieroglyphics made its appearance, rumors became current that if a poisonous substance was put upon them their whiteness became immediately clouded, and, as the fear of being poisoned was very great among the rulers, the china plates were substituted for the more ancient test of dipping the tooth of a serpent or a piece of a horn in front of the plate. This fear of poison prevailed to such an extent that it became the custom to bring padded boxes of the table, which were opened in the presence of the guests, and which everybody kept his own knife and spoon. Thus Saint Simon writes: "The king of England sat down with the queen on his right and on his left, and in front of him, their padded boxes by their side." But long before the aristocratic dinnerware of the Chinese and Japanese came across the sea, wooden and metal plates of various kinds, which slowly developed from a perfect flatness into the shapely saucers or gratins from running off the flat plates, pieces of lead were provided, which the king and queen used, and which, after the meal, were gradually distributed among the people of more common clay.

The sovereign, a graduate of the middle ages, sat in front of his flat plate, cut his food with a knife and fork, and in the darkness of prehistoric days, when the European savage made use of a wooden plate, and a wooden spoon, almost each generation, tried to improve the knife, and the medieval dimer, whose habits, like those of Gaston de Foix, were somewhat peculiar, could not do without a knife in his own pocket-knife in preference to the article supplied by his host. Later the knife-handles were adorned with fanciful carvings, the music and words of church and state were inscribed on them, their size and shape varied almost infinitely, and slowly they arrived at their present state of perfection.

The palm of the hand was the spoons of primitive man. Then came the reign of the shell from the sea-shore, but, while ancient Rome and Greece, and on the banks of the Nile, the full-blown civilization of the Alps, even in the fifteen century. Gradually the handle grew, became flatter and more shapely, and behold, when Louis XV. reigned, only the modern silver spoon, with its dainty decorations, had become de rigueur.

The vocabularies of ancient Greece have no name equivalent for the term "fork," nor do the dictionaries supply the deficiency, consequently it may be assumed that they used "Father Adam's fork," only, notwithstanding the fact that on a number of the celebrated Greek vases depicting scenes from Greek history or mythology, men and women are armed with forks which might have come from the shop of a modern silversmith. And, in fact, the fork, as France devoted to its manner of eating by the sole assistance of its fingers, where spoon or knife would not suffice, that the fork brought to the modern table, and in the fifteenth century were received with undisguised repugnance. Fruit only was eaten with forks, and when, in 1610, Tom Sturges, an Englishman, the trident from Italy, the British-looked upon him in utter stupefaction and dubbed him "fursiver"—that is, the man of the fork.

Ventilating Cool Rooms.

The object of ventilation is to keep the cellar cool and dry, but this object often falls of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or at least as cool as that, French engineers say. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily the cooler the air, the more the moisture is condensed and precipitation. When an open box, or a window, is a warm day the entering air, being in motion, appears cool, but as it fills the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and the result is that the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams.

Then the cellar is damp, and soon becomes moldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is cold, for the air is as pure as the air of midday, and really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night and circulates through it. The windows should be closed, and the cellar, in the morning, and kept closed and shaded during the day. If the air in the cellar is damp it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh straw in an open box, or a pile of moss will absorb about seven pounds or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or milk-room may soon be dried, even in the wettest weather. Colman's Rural World.

A Marvelous Clock.

The tower of the public buildings now in course of erection at Philadelphia is to be provided with a clock which, for size alone, will be one of the marvels of the world. The center of the dial (twenty-five feet in diameter) will be 351 feet above the street. It is calculated that it will take a year to place the clock machinery in the tower after the building shall have been completed. The bell is to weigh between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand pounds and will be second in weight to the great Montreux cathedral bell, which weighs 28,000 pounds, and it is calculated that its peal will be heard even to the most distant parts of the city. Chimes similar to those of Westminster clock will be rung at the quarter, half, three-quarter, and hour. To distinguish the time at night the dial will be illuminated by electricity, so that the position of the hands may be seen in the darkest weather. The minute hand is to be twelve feet and the hour hand nine feet in length, while the Roman figures on the dial will be two feet eight inches in length. A steam-engine will be placed in the tower to wind up the time-piece each day.—Iron.

Geologists assert that if the continents and the bottom of the ocean were graded down to uniformity, the whole world would be covered with water a mile deep, so much greater is the depression of the ocean bed than the elevation of the existing land.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

A Claim State Man Kills a Robber for 10 Per Cent of the Savings.

We were staying from Antonio Chico to Santa Fe, and there were six passengers, all of whom were armed, and one might safely judge that every one would fight if driven to it. One of the passengers was a man from Rhode Island, who said his name was Hastings, and after we were fairly started he began:

"Gentlemen, I have a proposition to make. If you accept it I hope it will be to your benefit. If I do not, no harm has been done. We are quite likely to meet with a road agent before we get through. If so, how many of you will fight?"

"Yes, you think so, but when the pinch comes, the case will be different. I've been through the mill, and I've seen a man with two revolvers shoot down a robber, and I'll submit to be killed."

"What is your proposition?"

"Well, I'm about dead broke. I want to engage to defend this crowd now for 10 per cent. of the money it is darning."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, if stopped, I'll agree to kill or run off the chap who does it. If I can't do it, I'll give you 10 per cent. of it to each man to size up his pile."

"You must think yourself a very brave and smart man," remarked one of the others.

"I guarantee to do this and so. I want you to do the same."

"I'll agree to that, but, but see, inghough nature had me, finally agreed that it was stopped and he killed or drove the robber off, we could down with the per cent. de darning, and I'll give you 10 per cent. of it to each man to size up his pile."

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Navigating an Ox-Team.

A day or two ago a local police officer had occasion to arrest a yoke of oxen and imprison them in a Franklin street stable amid hay and sundries. He approached the cud-chewers, and, taking the good-stick prepared to drive them.

Reader, did you ever navigate a yoke of oxen and a hay-rack? Did you ever agitate the good-stick? Did you ever address barnyard conversation to the middle-eyed beasts? If you never did you don't know how easy it is not to drive oxen. The policeman began waving, in the first place. He got on the wrong side of the cattle, and when he addressed a "gee-haw" to the pair they hawed instead of gee-hawing. This was evident, after they had taken six or seven long steps, for whereas the policeman had intended to lay a course due south, they made leeway toward Chapel street and seemed inclined to follow it.

"I think every man can be depended on," said the policeman, "but when the pinch comes, the case will be different. I've been through the mill, and I've seen a man with two revolvers shoot down a robber, and I'll submit to be killed."

"What is your proposition?"

"Well, I'm about dead broke. I want to engage to defend this crowd now for 10 per cent. of the money it is darning."

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LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER.

Over and over the purple clover, Under the greenwood tree, Sweet little maid, sitting for wild flowers Maying.

And sang in her maiden gloe: There's a lady I know Who you have loved so long, Fair blossom, I pray, now what shall I say When Robin comes wooing of me?"

Over and over the purple clover, Under the greenwood tree, Sweet little maid, sitting for wild flowers Maying.

And sang in her maiden gloe: There's a lady I know Who you have loved so long, Fair blossom, I pray, now what shall I say When Robin comes wooing of me?"

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Getting Rid of a Corn.

A pretty young married woman who resides on K street has suffered long with a corn. The corn was located on the outside of the little toe or her little left foot, and it gave her a world of misery. She tried various applications to destroy it or to relieve the pain, but in vain. Day by day the small corn grew more and more troublesome. The lady's husband advised her often to have it cut out or otherwise removed by a corn doctor. But she was morbidly afraid of anything resembling a surgical operation, and then the idea of a chiropodist handling her foot was not pleasing to her. So the corn it grew and grew, and the unfortunate lady suffered tortures every time she put on a shoe.

When this sort of thing had gone on a couple of weeks the husband grew impatient. He insisted that a corn doctor should be called in. It was the only way, he said, relief could be had. So the poor little woman half distracted between the actual pain of the throbbing corn and the anticipated pain of the surgeon's knife, yielded. As the husband went down town that morning he left the necessary order at the chiropodist's for an immediate call at the K street residence.

Resolute, the wife gave orders to the servant who opened the door that if a man with a small hand-bag came to show him up to her sitting room at once. Having made up her mind to endure the ordeal, the lady sat down, woman-like, and waited for the man with the knife she feared so much to come on. Her mother, who lived in the house, was with her, and while they waited they discussed the probable pain of having a corn cut out. Thus, as the minutes rolled by, the wife grew more and more nervous, and at last her condition bordered on mild hysteria.

An hour and a half passed, the bell rang and a neatly dressed man stood in the vestibule with a little bag in his hand. He went straight to the door, caught sight of the bag and exclaimed: "Walk right up stairs; she has been waiting for you this long time."

The man followed the girl and was shown into the lady's room. As soon as she entered and before he could put in a word the lady began nervously to undress her foot, and she pulled down the stocking, and the blue silk stocking, especially donned for the occasion, from the afflicted member.

"I want to know if it's going to hurt," she broke out simultaneously, "for if it is I'm not going to let you touch it."

The man stood gazing at her with a respectful manner as if struck speechless.

"Yes," continued the lady rapidly, without giving him a chance to get in a word, "you're afraid to speak, you know, it's not a very good thing, but I don't have to do it all."

The man at this opened his mouth to speak, but before he could do so the lady broke out again, "No, you needn't say a word, because I know beforehand exactly what you are going to say about my corn. You're afraid to speak, you know, it's not a very good thing, but I don't have to do it all."

"But, madam," the man began, "No, you needn't say it," the lady remonstrated. Then, with a desperate effort, as if she were bravely courage up to the highest note, she thrust her little pink foot from beneath her skirts, and said, determinedly: "Well, go ahead."

"Then I'll have to wailer you," he said. "I have accommodated you three times and now I beg you to go away."

"I loved that I'd have to wailer you," he said. "I tell you that I am a man of peace and gentleness."

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The Insurance-Man and Chinaman.

A well-known insurance man walked into a Chinese laundry on Fulton Street the other day and after looking at two Mongolians in the shop acrossed the silder of a two.

"Say, I'm an insurance man come to look over your house."

"Um"

"Me insurance, want lookes over house."

"Um"

"Oh, you know very well what I mean. I'm an insurance man and I want to look over your place to see that it is properly protected against fire."

"Um"

"I want to go through your place for the insurance company."

"Me no tell."

"Say, don't you understand English?"

"Don't know."

"Don't know."

